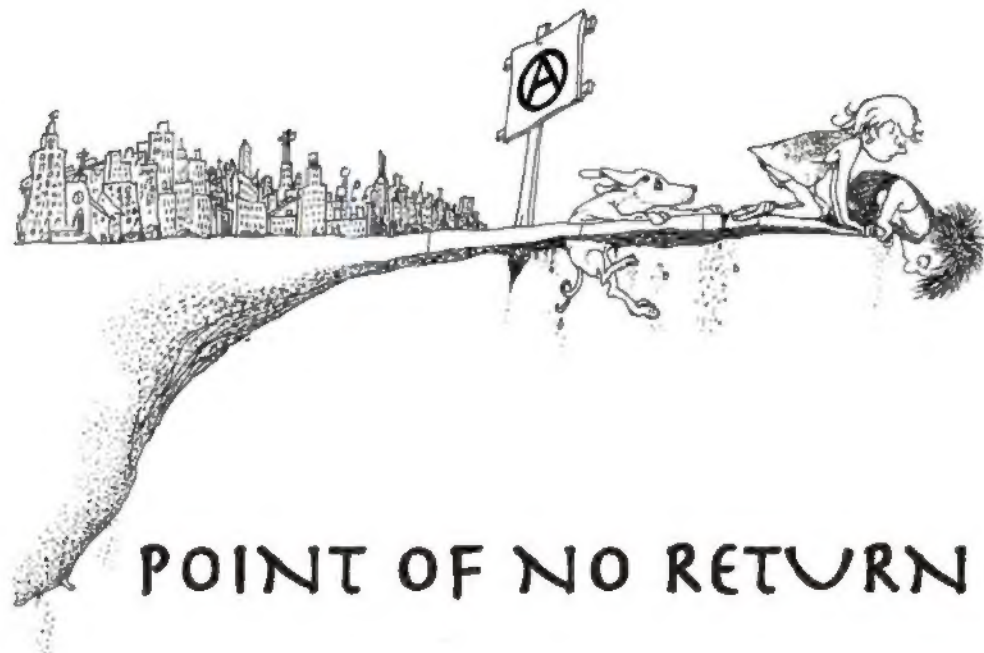


MAY 2013

POINTOFNORETURN@RISEUP.NET



POINT OF NO RETURN



ANONYMOUS.

I became an anarchist when I saw police men shooting at people they supposedly were there to protect. Shooting at people whose only demand was justice.

I realized then that the law and what is legal often does not coincide with what is right and legitimate. ☆

## POINT OF NO RETURN

Anarchists are made and not born. Many of us have stories about specific moments or experiences that marked a turning point, something that made us become anarchists, or realize we already were anarchists. We compiled this zine because we wanted to hear stories of what pushes people over the edge to help us imagine ways we can create breaking points for others.

This zine is not representative of anything. A good number of submissions were received from friends and allies, so it is weighted more towards people in their mid-20s living in the Ontario-Quebec region. The other pieces were mostly in response to a call-out posted to [anarchistnews.org](http://anarchistnews.org). We had fun writing and hearing these stories, and hope you will find some inspiration inside.

- Rabbit & A.V., May 2013, Kingston. ☆



T. JORDAN - ST. LOUIS, USA.

### Becoming an Anarchist in the Eighties - a Conversion Story.

As a teenager hanging out in the punk scene in St. Louis in the mid-1980s, I knew about anarchy because of the Sex Pistols hit, "Anarchy in the U.K." The Sex Pistols' idea of anarchy didn't seem very sophisticated: "I am an anti-Christ... I want to destroy passers by..." It seemed that the Sex Pistols' anarchy was just about shock value, like the fourteen-inch Mohawks worn by what we called "post card punks." I was more attracted to bands like Millions of Dead Cops, the Dead Kennedys, and the Minutemen, who offered issue-specific arguments and positions that were explicitly anti-war, anti-capitalist, and opposed to bigotry.

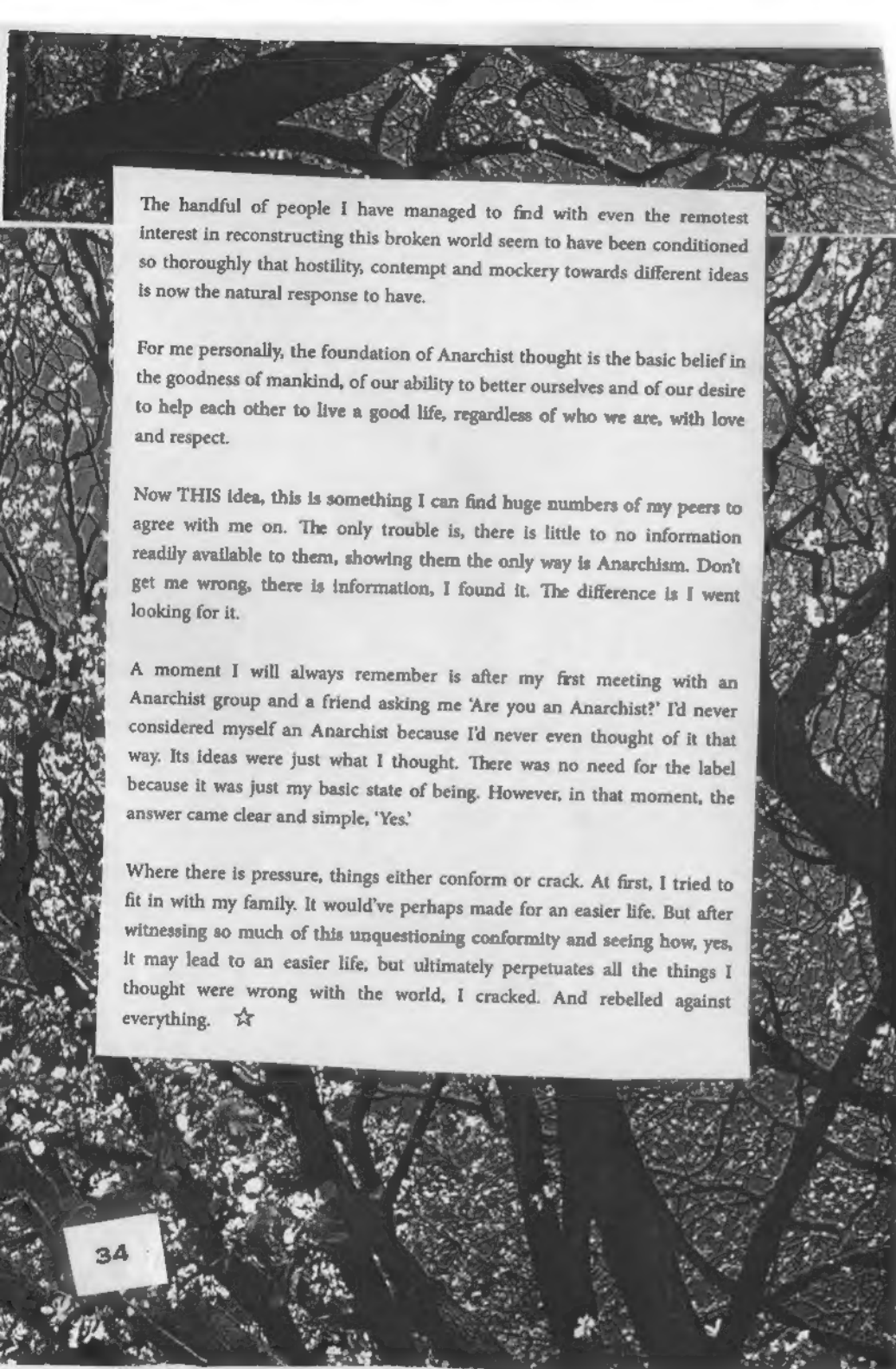
The punk kids in St. Louis used to hang around in the Central West End and the Delmar Loop area, where there were record stores. Before the Internet, the record store was a place where you could find ideas beyond those being pushed at home, school and church - in music, movies and 'zines. Those neighborhoods were the border areas where St. Louis' largely segregated Black and white communities overlapped. The Central West End was also a cruising area for gay men. The activists of the Revolutionary Communist Party came to these border areas to find young people who were looking for something different or edgy. These devotees of Bob Avakian would sit with us for hours to explain the mechanics of imperialism and capitalist oppression; but even before I'd become an anarchist, I was troubled by their Maoist authoritarianism.

J. "G." J.

What made me an anarchist? I was born one, but it took me over 19 years to remember what my soul always knew - - compassion and cooperation are better than control and competition, and I will take chaos over order whenever given the choice! Intuition, defiant joy and autonomy are my favorite pursuits, and I want to spend my life throwing shit into the face of my oppressor until I breathe no more! This society, this system, this beast we call reality hates my people... all people... all species... all life... and we can have no hope at all until this white-supremacist capitalist hetero-patriarchal death culture is completely destroyed! How did I come to recall the Afro-nihilism long-dormant in my heart? The journey was long, but Crass and Dead Prez helped. Crimethink's "Days of War, Nights of Love," helped to liberate me, and the APOC folk who righteously kicked Crimethink's collective hyper-individualist ass helped liberate me even more at the '09 Northeast Conference. I go through periodic internal insurrections, enemas of the psyche, and through it all I owe my anarchism most strongly to LSD!

I cannot extol the virtues of hallucinogens enough! My body is a temple, and mushrooms and acid (and even weed, at times) are the Black Bloc that smashes it. It is after a brutal psychonautical cleansing that I can sift through the pieces of my shattered ego (which cannot be safely dismantled without the aid of external agents, sometimes... just as one cannot abolish with reform, nor effectively eradicate this society by "working within the system"), discard the neuroses and other blockages to my true self, and build something new and beautiful that I can rock with (until it is tainted, and in need of a phoenix-like rebirth)... To remake oneself (and I assert that the consciousness created to survive in this Hell definitely needs to be discarded periodically), look to hallucinogens! Angels to some, demons to others... ☆





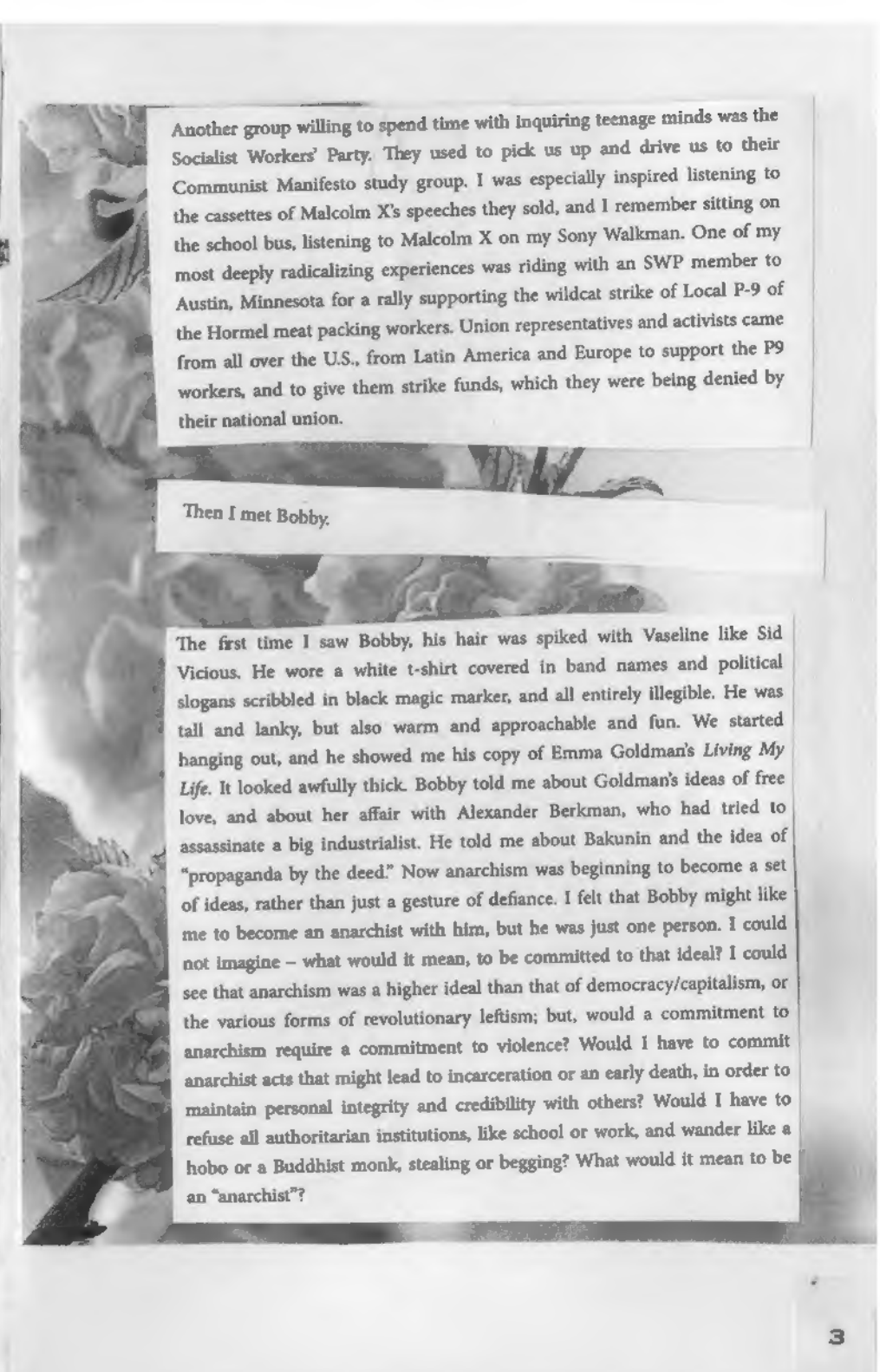
The handful of people I have managed to find with even the remotest interest in reconstructing this broken world seem to have been conditioned so thoroughly that hostility, contempt and mockery towards different ideas is now the natural response to have.

For me personally, the foundation of Anarchist thought is the basic belief in the goodness of mankind, of our ability to better ourselves and of our desire to help each other to live a good life, regardless of who we are, with love and respect.

Now THIS idea, this is something I can find huge numbers of my peers to agree with me on. The only trouble is, there is little to no information readily available to them, showing them the only way is Anarchism. Don't get me wrong, there is information, I found it. The difference is I went looking for it.

A moment I will always remember is after my first meeting with an Anarchist group and a friend asking me 'Are you an Anarchist?' I'd never considered myself an Anarchist because I'd never even thought of it that way. Its ideas were just what I thought. There was no need for the label because it was just my basic state of being. However, in that moment, the answer came clear and simple, 'Yes.'

Where there is pressure, things either conform or crack. At first, I tried to fit in with my family. It would've perhaps made for an easier life. But after witnessing so much of this unquestioning conformity and seeing how, yes, it may lead to an easier life, but ultimately perpetuates all the things I thought were wrong with the world, I cracked. And rebelled against everything. ☆

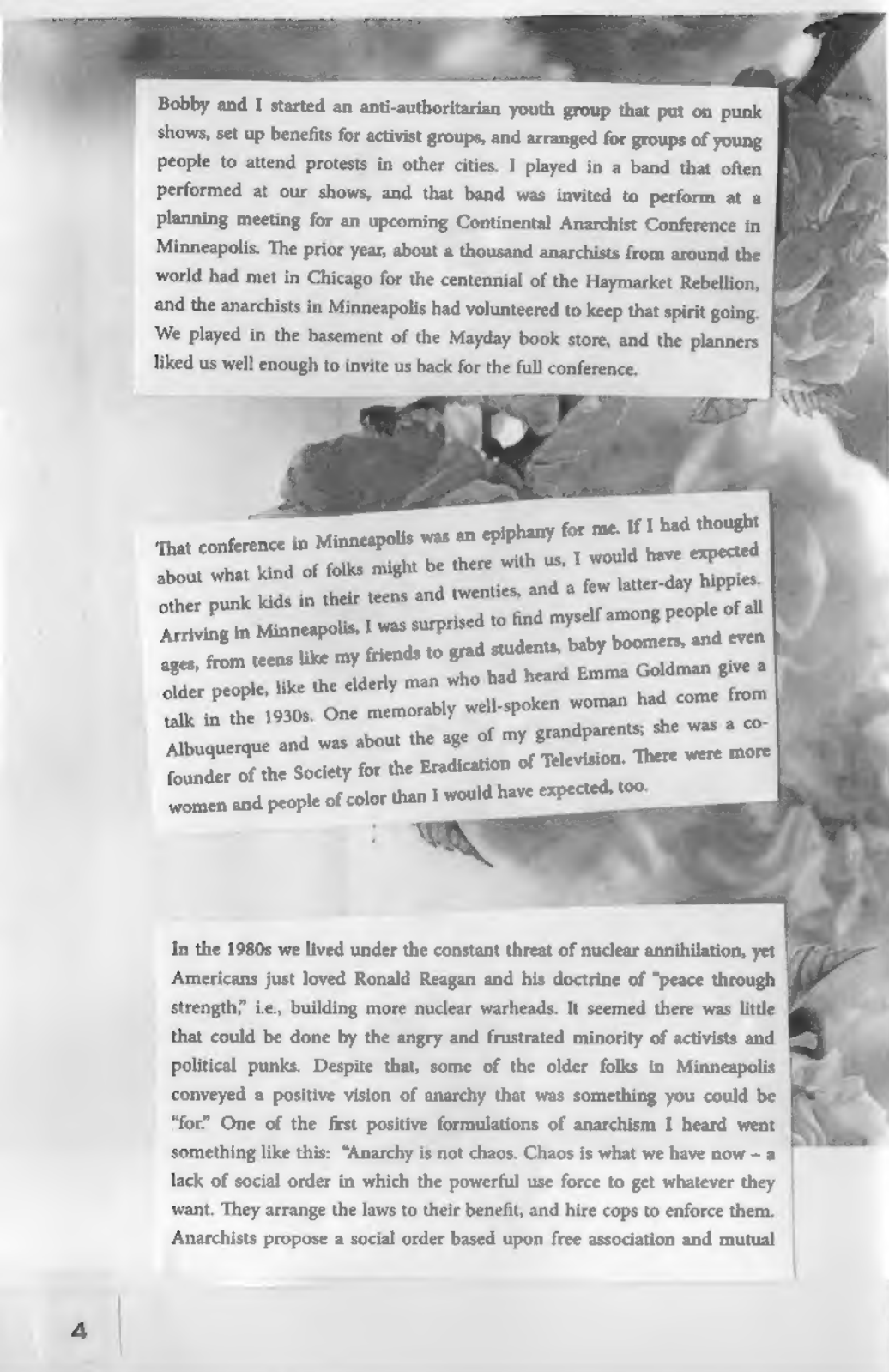


Another group willing to spend time with inquiring teenage minds was the Socialist Workers' Party. They used to pick us up and drive us to their Communist Manifesto study group. I was especially inspired listening to the cassettes of Malcolm X's speeches they sold, and I remember sitting on the school bus, listening to Malcolm X on my Sony Walkman. One of my most deeply radicalizing experiences was riding with an SWP member to Austin, Minnesota for a rally supporting the wildcat strike of Local P-9 of the Hormel meat packing workers. Union representatives and activists came from all over the U.S., from Latin America and Europe to support the P9 workers, and to give them strike funds, which they were being denied by their national union.

Then I met Bobby.

The first time I saw Bobby, his hair was spiked with Vaseline like Sid Vicious. He wore a white t-shirt covered in band names and political slogans scribbled in black magic marker, and all entirely illegible. He was tall and lanky, but also warm and approachable and fun. We started hanging out, and he showed me his copy of Emma Goldman's *Living My Life*. It looked awfully thick. Bobby told me about Goldman's ideas of free love, and about her affair with Alexander Berkman, who had tried to assassinate a big industrialist. He told me about Bakunin and the idea of "propaganda by the deed." Now anarchism was beginning to become a set of ideas, rather than just a gesture of defiance. I felt that Bobby might like me to become an anarchist with him, but he was just one person. I could not imagine – what would it mean, to be committed to that ideal? I could see that anarchism was a higher ideal than that of democracy/capitalism, or the various forms of revolutionary leftism; but, would a commitment to anarchism require a commitment to violence? Would I have to commit anarchist acts that might lead to incarceration or an early death, in order to maintain personal integrity and credibility with others? Would I have to refuse all authoritarian institutions, like school or work, and wander like a hobo or a Buddhist monk, stealing or begging? What would it mean to be an "anarchist"?





Bobby and I started an anti-authoritarian youth group that put on punk shows, set up benefits for activist groups, and arranged for groups of young people to attend protests in other cities. I played in a band that often performed at our shows, and that band was invited to perform at a planning meeting for an upcoming Continental Anarchist Conference in Minneapolis. The prior year, about a thousand anarchists from around the world had met in Chicago for the centennial of the Haymarket Rebellion, and the anarchists in Minneapolis had volunteered to keep that spirit going. We played in the basement of the Mayday book store, and the planners liked us well enough to invite us back for the full conference.

That conference in Minneapolis was an epiphany for me. If I had thought about what kind of folks might be there with us, I would have expected other punk kids in their teens and twenties, and a few latter-day hippies. Arriving in Minneapolis, I was surprised to find myself among people of all ages, from teens like my friends to grad students, baby boomers, and even older people, like the elderly man who had heard Emma Goldman give a talk in the 1930s. One memorably well-spoken woman had come from Albuquerque and was about the age of my grandparents; she was a co-founder of the Society for the Eradication of Television. There were more women and people of color than I would have expected, too.

In the 1980s we lived under the constant threat of nuclear annihilation, yet Americans just loved Ronald Reagan and his doctrine of "peace through strength," i.e., building more nuclear warheads. It seemed there was little that could be done by the angry and frustrated minority of activists and political punks. Despite that, some of the older folks in Minneapolis conveyed a positive vision of anarchy that was something you could be "for." One of the first positive formulations of anarchism I heard went something like this: "Anarchy is not chaos. Chaos is what we have now -- a lack of social order in which the powerful use force to get whatever they want. They arrange the laws to their benefit, and hire cops to enforce them. Anarchists propose a social order based upon free association and mutual

didn't tally with the rest of the Conservative voting household, they were the wrong beliefs. There was no attempt at understanding or respect, yet it was expected from me without question. Hmm.

A memory sticks out. It is perhaps my first memory of seeing people my age trying to come to terms with a political system that isn't Capitalism. In middle school, when being taught about World War II, my classmates and I got our first official glimpse of something different to our current political system. Communism. (After all, Russia was there in WWII, but we tend to ignore that and talk about Spitfires a lot). When we were told everyone would be financially and politically equal and all the other dumbed-down aspects of Communism, there was no small amount of confusion as my classmates tried to figure out in our brainwashed minds how something our parents have been telling us is evil can be talking about something as amazing as equality for everyone. Just as someone finally gets up the courage to say, "Well, doesn't that make it a good thing?" and there was an encouraging nod from my history teacher (who I now realise was vaguely Bolshevik) inevitably there was, as there always will be, someone who said something about money, and everyone agreed and fell back into Capitalism, and the teacher looked sad that he hadn't reached anyone that day.

So my friends and I had sorted it out amongst ourselves. As much as we thought things weren't quite right with the world, Capitalism meant we could have money and stay in our parents' good books, so no new socioeconomic/political ideas were sought after. Eventually though, as we grew and read, I realised even Communism wasn't the ideal I'd hoped it'd be, and Anarchism started looking more and more attractive.

Since then, those I have managed to talk relatively seriously to about Anarchism as a political philosophy, and not just the idea of flipping cars and setting things on fire, seem to think my agenda for revolution would go something like this;

1. Destroy Government
2. Go on a murderous, cannibalistic rampage



## HANNAH FEWINGS

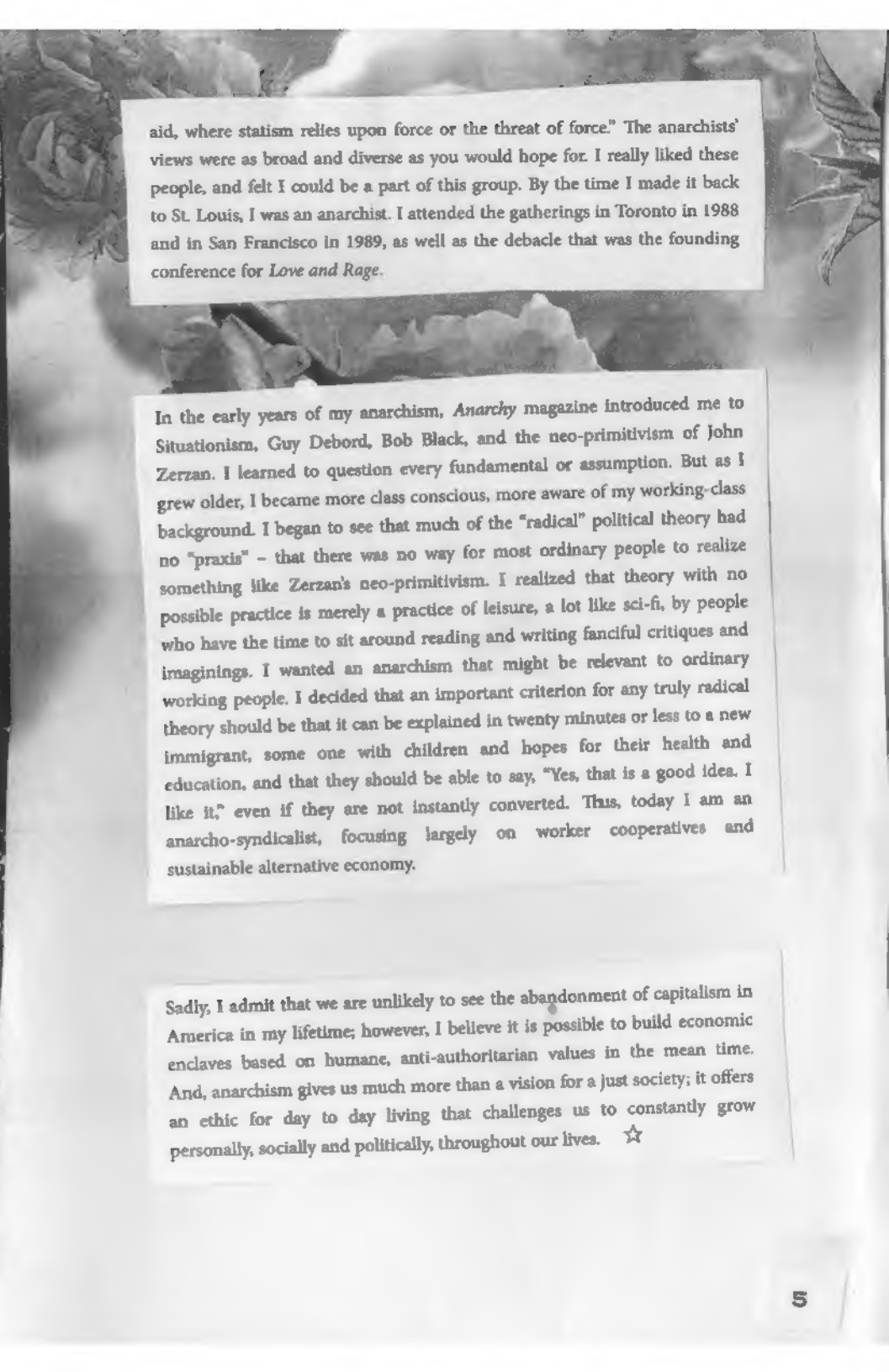
### Politics Begins at Home

Supposedly, charity begins at home. I've never really understood this particular phrase, as I never saw any charity, of any kind, in my house growing up. What I could say, however, is that politics begins at home. My first dealings with politics was seeing my brother so perfectly and enthusiastically parroting my parents' political ideals and feeling the unnerving need to do so myself.

Quickly, I came to realize everything they stood for and everything they believed was complete bullshit. Pure and unadulterated bullshit. (The least infuriating and least horrific idea I can remember is the time my mother told me "The left wing parties in England are just watered-down Communism". Needless to say, there was a fair amount of face-palm going on in my then fifteen-year-old brain. I don't even know where to begin in deconstructing that sentence for analysis...)

Political life, not just in my home (and I use the term 'home' very loosely), but also in my hometown of Windsor (you know, that place where the Queen lives), doesn't really seem to exist. I know, you all must be incredibly surprised to find that the Queens home is not the hotbed of Anarchist activity you thought it was, but unfortunately this is the truth. There is very much a feeling of 'Conservative or GET OUT' in the area. There is no room for any other school of thought. And so, from a young age, we are all conditioned with our parents' beliefs and values, most of them about 'how great the indigenous British people are', 'how all foreigners are thieving, violent benefit frauds (but that one guy from work, you know, the coloured gentleman, he's one of the good ones)', and 'how, if people want to be gay, they shouldn't do it in public'.

If you have somehow found it within you, as a citizen of the great and noble Windsor, to have the audacity to actually disagree you are, at best, ridiculed. If like me you're not so lucky, you are shunned, disciplined and punished. There was no room in my house for my beliefs. If my beliefs



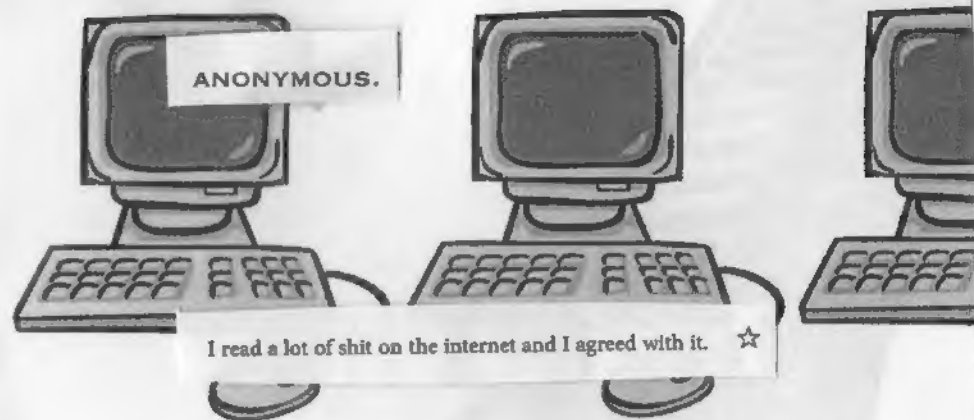
aid, where statism relies upon force or the threat of force." The anarchists' views were as broad and diverse as you would hope for. I really liked these people, and felt I could be a part of this group. By the time I made it back to St. Louis, I was an anarchist. I attended the gatherings in Toronto in 1988 and in San Francisco in 1989, as well as the debacle that was the founding conference for *Love and Rage*.

In the early years of my anarchism, *Anarchy* magazine introduced me to Situationism, Guy Debord, Bob Black, and the neo-primitivism of John Zerzan. I learned to question every fundamental or assumption. But as I grew older, I became more class conscious, more aware of my working-class background. I began to see that much of the "radical" political theory had no "praxis" - that there was no way for most ordinary people to realize something like Zerzan's neo-primitivism. I realized that theory with no possible practice is merely a practice of leisure, a lot like sci-fi, by people who have the time to sit around reading and writing fanciful critiques and imaginings. I wanted an anarchism that might be relevant to ordinary working people. I decided that an important criterion for any truly radical theory should be that it can be explained in twenty minutes or less to a new immigrant, some one with children and hopes for their health and education, and that they should be able to say, "Yes, that is a good idea. I like it," even if they are not instantly converted. Thus, today I am an anarcho-syndicalist, focusing largely on worker cooperatives and sustainable alternative economy.

Sadly, I admit that we are unlikely to see the abandonment of capitalism in America in my lifetime; however, I believe it is possible to build economic enclaves based on humane, anti-authoritarian values in the mean time. And, anarchism gives us much more than a vision for a just society; it offers an ethic for day to day living that challenges us to constantly grow personally, socially and politically, throughout our lives. ☆

When I was 18 I moved away to university and for some reason thought every campus was exactly like Berkeley in the 60s, all the time. I accidentally went to one of the most conservative schools in the country. I also realized that I was getting into anarchy just as the anti-globalization era was fizzling. I was devouring the anarchist FAQ and CrimethInc and was eager to protest something. When George Bush visited Canada I jumped on the free bus to Ottawa and wandered around in a one-person urban camo bloc and looked RIDICULOUS. That night I marched into the red zone with some kids from Montreal who offered me rocks but I was too scared to take them. I sort of stood there in shock and watched the ensuing melee before catching my bus home. I needed to hook up with other anarchists, ASAP. Eventually I found a left-wing coalition and reading group, and plugged into some campus activism for a while. I also decided to email all the local listservs I could find and attend every event imaginable basically announcing I was an anarchist and where were the others? Luckily this sloppy adventure led me to anarchists and not undercover cops trying to sell me fertilizer.

I hit my point of no return when I was challenged to move beyond being an anarchist in theory, and decided to take action which would affirm and solidify my commitment to anarchist struggle. There was rumour of an impending military raid on the tobacco trade at the nearby Mohawk reserve of Tyendinaga which threatened to become another Oka. Some anarchists in town had connections on the reserve and were invited to join the lines should another standoff occur. Shortly afterwards, provincial police attacked the Six Nations land reclamation at Caledonia, only to be beaten back by hundreds of community members with sticks, who then set up a highway blockade. Tyendinaga responded by shutting down the rail lines that run through the territory, a major economic artery.





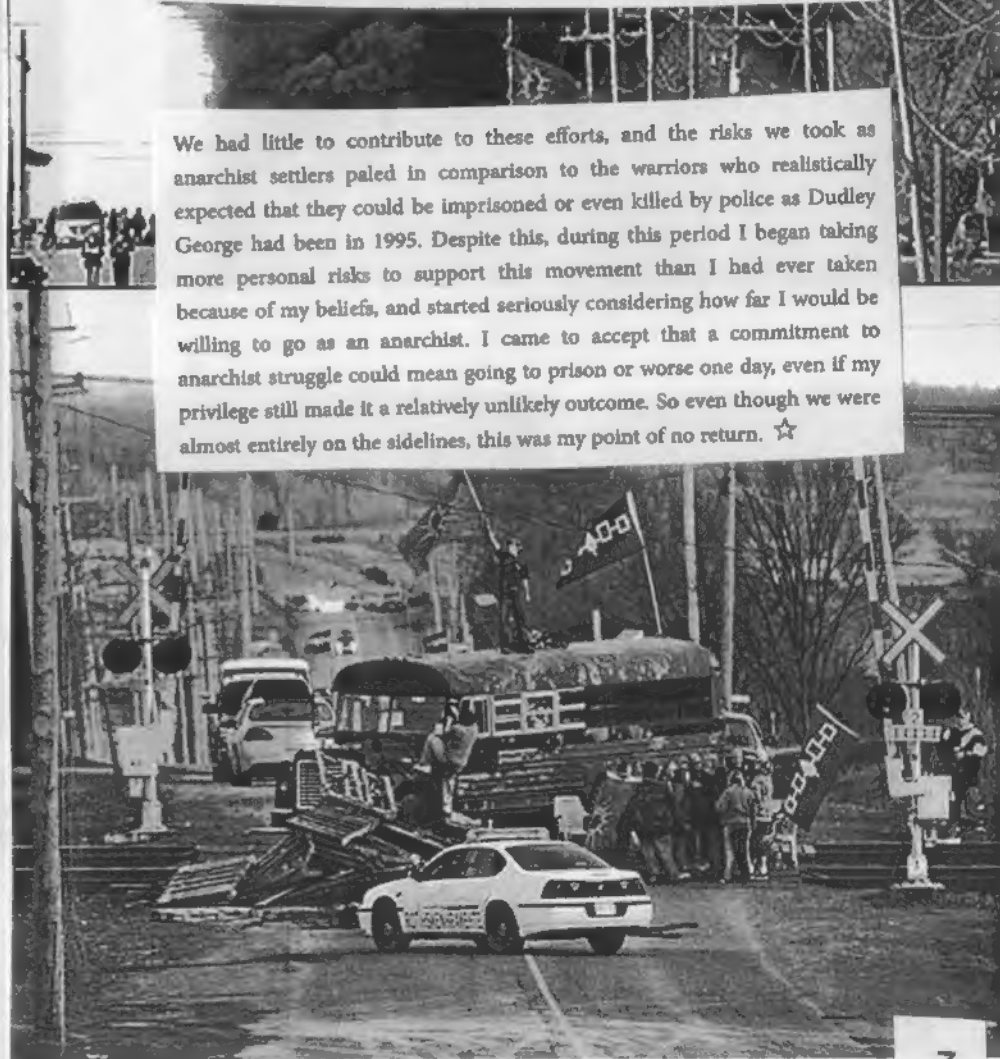
While the march was all impersonal and directionless, everyone in the bloc was sharing ideas and information. Most importantly, they were trying to do something. After talking for a few minutes, the bloc decided to head downtown and reinforce a blockade. I followed at the margins again, until the bloc was stopped by a blockade of riot cops. I had some of the most indecisive moments of my life standing on a median, watching the bloc debate what to do while the cops sweated in their body armor and looked menacing. Somebody from the bloc yelled directly at me - I think they called me a liberal asshole, and told me to pick a fucking side.

I wish I could say that at that moment I walked across the two lanes of empty street, tied the bandanna in my back pocket around my face, and joined the bloc to roll joyfully into the sunset with my new-found comrades. I definitely thought about it. But that's not what happened. Instead, the bloc dispersed, filtering around the police line, while I just stood there in the middle of the street.

It wasn't until over a year later that I was able to admit to myself that I was an anarchist. I spent a long time admiring anarchists from afar, secretly wishing that I could be as self-aware and self-organized as they were. Hell, I still feel that way, although I'm doing better now. Later, I spent a longer time not doing anything concrete because I wasn't able to connect with anyone in my city. (Going to school, combined with the fallout of arrests, felony charges, and infiltrators after the convention didn't help with this - lots of meetings abruptly stopped being open as the community realized how deeply the cops had infiltrated various organizations.) I think, though, that after those tense minutes at the police line, there was no going back for me. ☆

I was inspired by the strength of this resistance and we started organizing solidarity actions locally and camping out at the blockades. As we sat around the campfire, wondering if the police would raid, I realized I was surrounded by serious revolutionaries who were willing to literally risk everything for liberation. This is an outcome of an anti-colonial struggle that dates back hundreds of years, but also specifically from a decades-long project of building resistance-connected dual power on the reserve, both political and economic. It doesn't call itself anarchist, but it's the closest thing to autonomous community I've seen. It made my activism until then feel like a game, because in most ways it was.

We had little to contribute to these efforts, and the risks we took as anarchist settlers paled in comparison to the warriors who realistically expected that they could be imprisoned or even killed by police as Dudley George had been in 1995. Despite this, during this period I began taking more personal risks to support this movement than I had ever taken because of my beliefs, and started seriously considering how far I would be willing to go as an anarchist. I came to accept that a commitment to anarchist struggle could mean going to prison or worse one day, even if my privilege still made it a relatively unlikely outcome. So even though we were almost entirely on the sidelines, this was my point of no return. ☆



ANONYMOUS - HAMILTON, CANADA.

Currently I'm 21 years old. My interest in politics really began to materialize in my early teens, around the age of 15. There are 2 major factors that pushed me towards radical politics in general, which can be summarized with my family background and music (scenes). To start off with family, my father was primarily involved (both physically and intellectually) with the social revolution boiling up in Chile back in the 1960's and 70's. He was mostly involved with student organizations, as a student; and because of his activism he was kicked out of the University of Santiago under the regime of Pinochet. As I grew up I was well familiar with the icons of the "left", including Che, Allende, Castro, Miguel Enriquez, Simon Bolivar, Zapata etc. Hell, even the music my father listened to was political. Clearly, my father was/is a hardline marxist mostly in the vanguardist tradition. I think he even managed to do some community organizing here back in the mid 90s. Although my father never identified with anarchism because he believes the state can be used as a weapon for the proletariat, I still believe he has an anarchist spirit. Regardless, the "revolutionary" atmosphere and passion was always present in my life.

Ironically enough, I neglected most of that revolutionary atmosphere for most of my childhood until I found myself getting into politically charged music, which unfortunately lead me to fascism first. Long story short, the punk scene both local and abroad and philosophy itself was what reignited this interest in class struggle, and it led me to investigate anarchism for what it really was. By the time I was 15 I knew the basic principles of socialism, but eventually I found out that anarchism was a serious movement, with it's own theory and history, and actually developed closely with socialist movements as far back as the 19th Century. For the longest time I was unable to determine if I was against the State or not (as a means to liberate ourselves). I have now officially identified with anarchism for 3 years, and had an interest in it for longer, but that interest has never stopped growing!

Viva y Salud ☆

experiences with the idea that there could be something more to life were powerful. Around the same time, I also read Marina Sitrin's "Horizontalism". It was assigned for a class, but I think I got more out of it than expected. The book is a series of transcribed/translated stories from neighborhood assemblies in Argentina, in which people talk about overcoming alienation and deciding to toss the politicians and organize the world on their own terms. It connected Crimethinc's bourgeois individualist drop-out-ism to something larger and more revolutionary.

Around the same time, I was lucky enough to share some shifts at my job with an anarchist who was a few years older than me. We argued about power and authority while hustling dishes. The thing that struck me most about our arguments was my total inability to make any coherent arguments against his ethical conviction that all power relationships were wrong. It felt like he was playing a hand made of only trump cards, to the extent that any misgivings I had about total freedom were generally resolved by arguments for more freedom. Our politics differ substantially now, but his explicit critique of power gave me an even better framework for thinking about things. I saw my previous arguments with my libertarian friend in a new light when it became thinkable to oppose the state while also believing in a world where poverty is structurally impossible.

Sometime shortly after this, there was a major political conference organized in my city. If there was a point of no return for me, the mobilization against the conference was it. I didn't have anything to do with planning or events, but I spent a lot of hours learning about black bloc tactics and reading action manuals on the internet. When I went to the protest, my friends and I got sucked into the big march, organized by code pink and probably some democrats. It was beyond disappointing - I was one body in a generally aimless throng of a few thousand people, with no real connection to one another. We marched between 12 foot high fencing topped with barbed wire, yelled "this is what a police state looks like!" and then turned around. It was utterly demoralizing. When the march ended, I walked around, dazed and disillusioned, until I ran into a gathering of folks in black. I stood at the margins, while the group talked about what to do. The difference between the black bloc and the peace march was immense.

LEIF

I don't think there was an individual moment that made me into an anarchist. To be clear about my own position and where I'm coming from, I'm a cis straight white dude from an educated middle class family, and I've never broken out of that. While I'm not particularly impressed with my parents' politics nowadays, I do think that my family helped me become what I am. I was particularly lucky early on, because my parents decided not to send me to school. I had no formal instruction until I decided to seek it out, which gave me considerable autonomy at an early age, something that I think a lot of kids don't get access to.

Nonetheless, I didn't become an anarchist until I was in college. Even there I actually spent a long time as an aspiring anarchist, so I'm going to try to detail some of the key points. I don't remember the exact sequence of events, but I can point out a few things that were really influential to me:

The one pre-college experience that's worth mentioning is the long-running argument about politics I had with a good friend who was a Ron Paul libertarian. While I could tell that a lot of what he was saying was racist and classist (although I didn't know those words at the time), I often had trouble arguing with him because I couldn't help but agree with some of his critiques of the state.

I think one of the first things that drew me to actual anarchism was Crimethink, which I started reading early in college. I know this is cliché for white privileged folks at this point, but it's true. I don't remember where I stumbled across my first crimethink text, but the stories totally blew my mind - "Are you serious? You can live a rewarding life without money and a job and following the rules?" It made a lot of sense to me, especially while I was grinding through an institution designed to transition me seamlessly into the upper class. I didn't have the guts to drop out, but those first

ANONYMOUS

I became an anarchist because I had a crush on a boy. Perhaps it would have happened sooner or later anyway, or perhaps it wouldn't have—it's impossible to say. He was the new kid that had just moved with his family from Labrador, and he was apparently vegan, anarchist, into parecon and Propagandhi. He was quite possibly the only other person in the entire school who identified with a radical political ideology of some sort, and he was hot.

I was sixteen years old and a decided Marxist-Leninist. Really, though, my politics at the beginning of Grade Eleven didn't amount to much more than a means to distinguish myself from my peers and forge an adult identity. This doesn't mean that I didn't believe the shit that I said, that I didn't adhere to some kind of communist ideal (one which I still adhere to, and have done pretty much consistently since I was thirteen years old), or that I could have just as easily believed in some other wingnuttty idea. What it means is that my politics didn't translate into any kind of conscious action. I did more or less the same things as other kids of my class background and gender: I played video games, watched TV, talked to my friends on the internet, put in the minimal effort necessary to keep up with school and my parents' expectations about it, whatever.

I started hanging out with buddy towards the end of the first semester; some of my friends had become some of his friends. Then in December, a hardcore band we both liked was coming to play a show in Fredericton just before the year 2006 turned over into 2007. The venue was an anarchist infoshop that also, incidentally, organized itself on pareconish principles. One of the people involved in starting that place up was someone I knew, albeit only online; he was the older brother of a friend of mine and buddy's. I knew that little bro was going to Fredrawk to hang out with big bro and party with the punks, and I wanted to do the same, for my own reasons. But I had the good sense to see if buddy could be invited, too, and as a matter of fact, yeah he was.

We took the bus together. I wanted to walk to the bus station, perhaps forty minutes' walk away, because I didn't want to waste gasoline. My dad questioned my motives for wanting to walk, and insisted on driving me. A few weeks earlier, I had given away a lot of my clothes because they were useless possessions that I no longer needed. In retrospect, it's funny to think that this is how I first started to act on my politics, and it's even funnier how concerned my dad was about this behaviour and the new friend I was meeting at the bus stop.

For the three days and two nights that we were in Fredericton, a lot of stuff happened: a show, three parties, visits to the college radio station and a natural food store, plenty of conversations with a lot of different people who were broadly into a lot of things that I wanted to know more about. But it wasn't until I got into an argument with one of the punks about veganism that I really started rolling towards the point of no return.

I don't remember the details. I just remember that I had been defensive about eating meat for a long time. I was briefly vegetarian when I was thirteen years old, as part of a brief flirtation with the worship of Krishna, but I gave it up because it was hard and I actually just didn't care that much; I thought I did, but I didn't. In recent months, though, I had been encountering more vegetarians—even made out with one at a party—and thus I was talking about the subject a lot more, as were my friends. "They're misanthropes," we determined. And even with my desire to get into buddy's pants, I was not yet convinced that this diet was for me. I was willing to tolerate it, but I mostly hoped the subject wouldn't come up.

Veganpunkbro confronted me about it though, and my counterarguments faltered; thing is, I didn't really have a critique. Eventually, he gave up and dropped the subject, shaking his head. Buddy was observing, but didn't pipe in. Probably as a result, I took the criticisms to heart. About three weeks later, I switched my eating habits from omnivore to soyfucker. (The final nail in the coffin was a stupid PETA propaganda video that buddy showed me.) Let's be clear: many of the things that I liked about buddy were his diet, his musical preferences, his nonchalant attitude, his clothes, the things he did—in essence, his consumption choices and his lifestyle

and I wished I was there beside her instead of standing on the sidewalk, and I started to see a way there from where I was

### III. "from anarcho-whatever to anarchist"

I was learning lessons quickly that day

on wearing black: freedom to disappear, fortifying courage of team colours  
on questions: ask only what you need to know, don't get offended  
on strength in numbers: the real fun begins when you outnumber the cops

on friendship: moments of holding a backpack or trading masked glances  
changes the distance between our bodies, changes old friendships into new ones, changes everything

so when night fell I was steadier, slightly more prepared, had braced for resistance

I piled into a car with friends old and new, shyly tucked my pot lid and wooden spoon under the seat in front of me and hoped no one had noticed them, tried to settle the waves of fear and glee in my stomach, and tied and re-tied my bandanna until it was time for action

and, that night, screaming and shooting fireworks into the sky outside a prison full of teenage girls made my heart sing with love and rage

in ways that marching along sidewalks, or critiquing anarchist projects from the sidelines, or gazing wistfully at news footage of blockades and occupations never did

and I saw the point of no return, and I saw how to get there from where I was, and I ran through the pouring rain towards it ☆



I. "would you describe yourself as anarcho-adjacent?"

I was in the backseat of a rental car driving around the conference centre, adorned with colourful broken windows and police on every corner my colleagues — arctic scientists and researchers — were looking for parking, in turns frightened and annoyed at the inconvenience, but I was thrilled by the previous night's defiance they were right to be angry, I was angry too but hadn't figured out what to do about it, much less about my own complicity in the end all that my resistance amounted to that week was ditching the conference to nap in my hotel room: a wholly unremarkable personal strike I felt the thrum of the police choppers in my chest each night and fervently wished the river of bodies in the streets success and sweet escape

and I wished I was down there on the other side of the coloured glass but I couldn't see a way there from where I was

so despite feeling pretty useless about it, I didn't drive back to ontario with everyone else, and I stayed in montreal to weave around in a huge night demo, shooting belligerent glances at mounted pigs in between conversations about feminist theory and tumblr and the politics of vulnerability

and I wished I was fighting instead of just walking but I couldn't see a way there from where I was

II. "so...what should I wear to this thing anyway"

after staying up until 4 am, I decided, alone, to go to a prison construction blockade at 5:30 am

I wrapped a flowered scarf around my wrist, made my way to the meeting point, drank several nervous cups of coffee, made small talk on the car ride to the prison

we walked up to a driveway lined with cops that far outnumbered us they said "move to the side" and I did, unprepared, startled into obedience

but it became evident that everyone else had braced themselves for resistance: one person handed me a coffee cup as she linked arms with the people beside her, forming a tenuous line that stretched across the roadway

Unlike myself, he had been making an effort to practice his politics. These days, I'm pretty critical of the whole suite of those politics (parecon and veganism-as-essential-action, but also Noam Chomsky, *Democracy Now*, the BDS campaign, and an approach towards queer "inclusivity" no different from that of any boring liberal) and embarrassed about the degree to which I ever bought into it. That said, I'm glad he came into my life, glad I got excessively puppy-eyed about him (he was straight, btw), and glad this attraction pushed me to do what he was doing: acting on his chosen principles.

Note: I remained a professed Marxist-Leninist for over a year after this, but losing that argument to veganpunkbro in front of a boy I liked is what, I think, made sure that I *did* become an anarchist eventually.

I was, from the beginning, much more willing to throw myself into adventure and risky situations than buddy. Unlike his parents, mine didn't support my new diet, so I took up shoplifting. I also wasted more of my money on bus tickets to Fredericton, in order to hang out with punks, and I started doing graffiti. Me and him did do one sweet thing together, which was to start publishing a "revolutionary" weekly that—despite its generally poor, sometimes sketchy analysis—was at least a half-decent effort to counter a rural Canadian high school's apparatus of patriotic/productivist socialization. All of this, and more, was enough to put me into sustained conflict with both parental and scholarly authorities, and to push me closer to those for whom I had affinity. Mostly anarchists, as it turned out; the Marxists I met were generally dickheads.

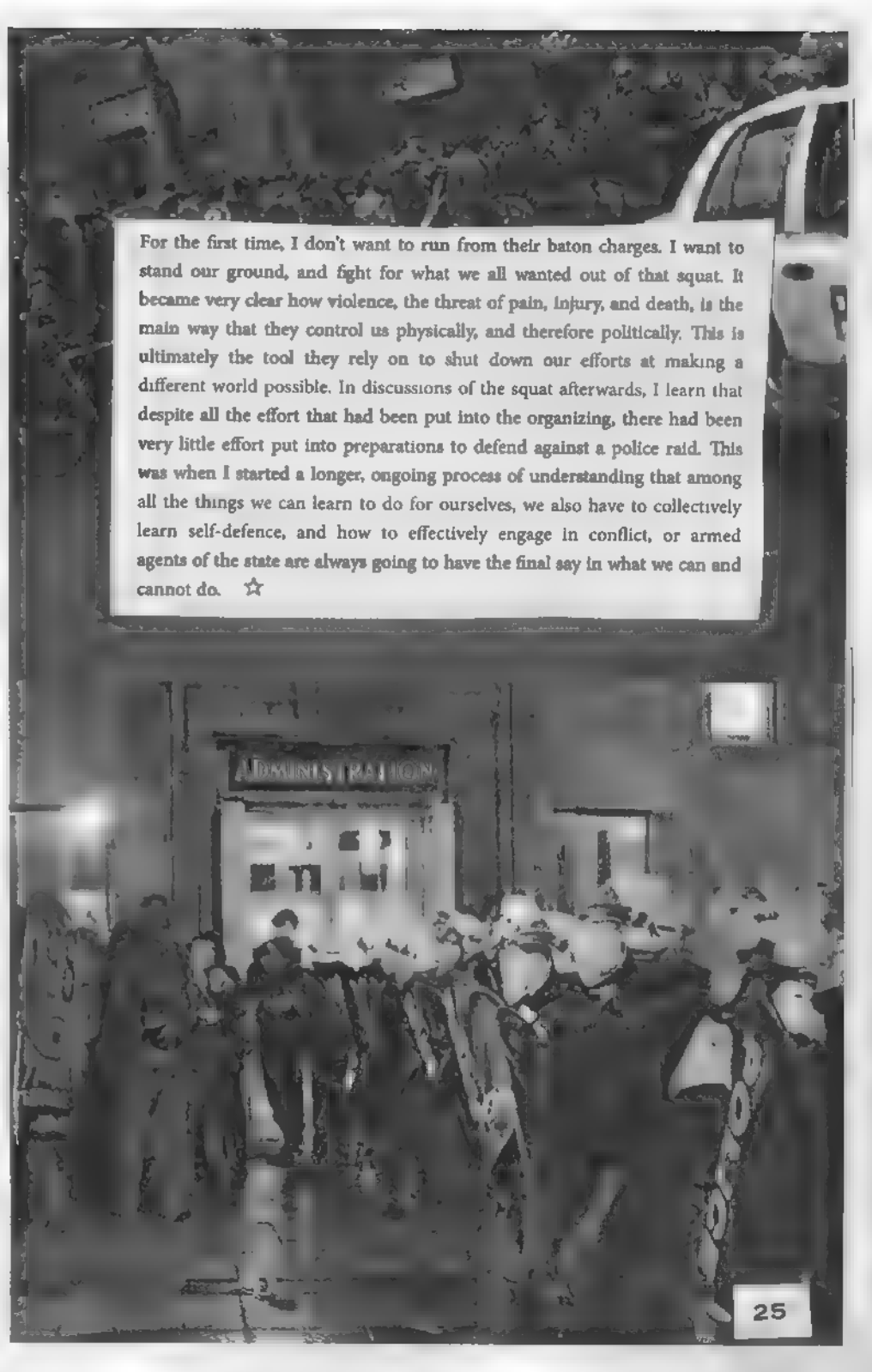
As far as I know, buddy's politics never changed much. He still likes parecon, Propagandhi, and maybe even PETA; I'm pretty sure he's a normal member of society with lefty opinions. This kind of annoys me, actually, considering the shit we used to talk about. All things considered, though, I'm fucking glad that the essential thing that piqued my curiosity about this guy—the way he consciously translated his principles, but also his desires, into action—are things I'm still interested in now that my principles and desires have changed, now that buddy's out of the picture. ☆




ANISE - USA.

I was sympathetic to anarchist ideas for a couple of years before I called myself an anarchist. Like many anarchists who grew up in the mid-1990s, my political views were initially shaped by the DIY punk scene. They embodied the vague forms of anti-authoritarian radical politics that are articulated in "the scene," both in its practice (underground DIY shows, a participatory culture where everyone is theoretically equal, self-publishing, etc.) and in its politics (anti-corporate, anti-racist, etc.). I became aware of anarchist bands and started listening to those quite a lot, which definitely had an influence on my emerging views.

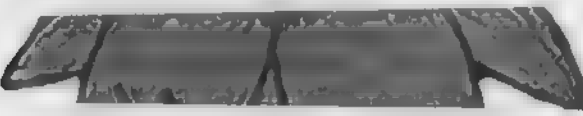
My views developed on things and tended in that direction, but it really seemed like there was nothing I could do to further my ideas. The few anarchists--mainly punks--that I've since learned were around, didn't have a terribly visible presence and their scene tended to be more insular and closed. I would occasionally see wheatpasted anti-cop or other anarchist flyers, but there was no real way to get in touch with those people. On the few occasions where I did encounter anarchists at anti-police brutality protests, I generally stayed on the sidelines and watched from a distance. In the punk scene there was a lot of lip service to politics--I listened to a lot of "anarchist" music, had anarchist patches, and even read the few anarchist publications I could find (among them, early CrimethInc stuff)--but I never really did anything. In the punk scene, it seemed a lot of people had "radical" or "anarchist" politics, but expressing those views wasn't always encouraged--if you were in a band and talked too long, people would yell "shut up and play," if you spoke out against anything other than the few token political topics accepted in the punk scene--anti-Nazi, animal rights, anti-cop--people got upset, and if you challenged the punks to do anything beyond lifestyle changes like going vegan, people tended to get mad, and most importantly, you could never speak of any of the numerous problems that existed in the punk scene.



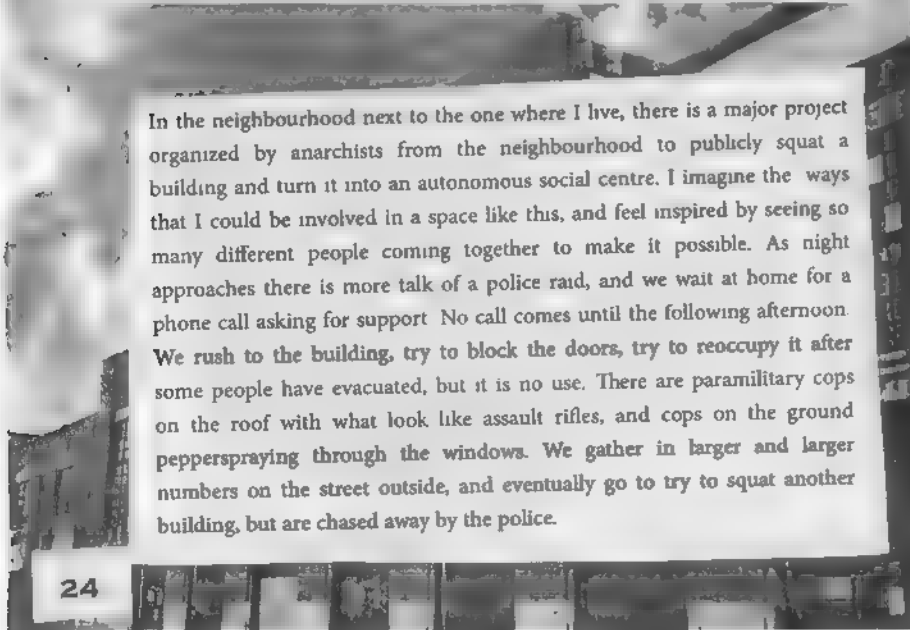
For the first time, I don't want to run from their baton charges. I want to stand our ground, and fight for what we all wanted out of that squat. It became very clear how violence, the threat of pain, injury, and death, is the main way that they control us physically, and therefore politically. This is ultimately the tool they rely on to shut down our efforts at making a different world possible. In discussions of the squat afterwards, I learn that despite all the effort that had been put into the organizing, there had been very little effort put into preparations to defend against a police raid. This was when I started a longer, ongoing process of understanding that among all the things we can learn to do for ourselves, we also have to collectively learn self-defence, and how to effectively engage in conflict, or armed agents of the state are always going to have the final say in what we can and cannot do. ☆




I'm standing on a street corner with R and M late at night in the middle of winter, because we're going home in different directions but want to keep talking. I'm describing my vision of democratic alternatives to capitalism that involve all levels of political and economic federation, from the local to the global level. R and M tell me that what I'm describing sounds like a global government, which could be even worse than the nation-states we have now. They describe their much less structured vision of world with many organizational variations and fractures, but no clear borders or massive powerful institutions. That night I feel uncomfortable with their challenge to my ideas, but their inspiring vision gradually grows on me, and becomes my own.



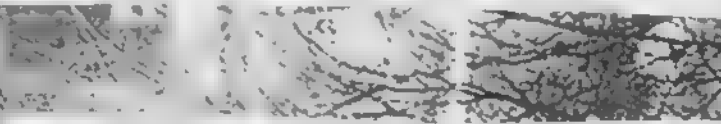
Around this time I read *The Dispossessed* by Ursula K. LeGuin, and my imagination of anarchist possibility is made so real that it contributes to my own fantasies of living a self-determined life. I occasionally discuss with friends how things could be different, and sometimes we even find or start projects that turn some parts of our desires into a reality. Collective kitchens, classes, and houses where we feel less alienated and are able to sustain and nourish our desires for a different world, and our struggles against this one.



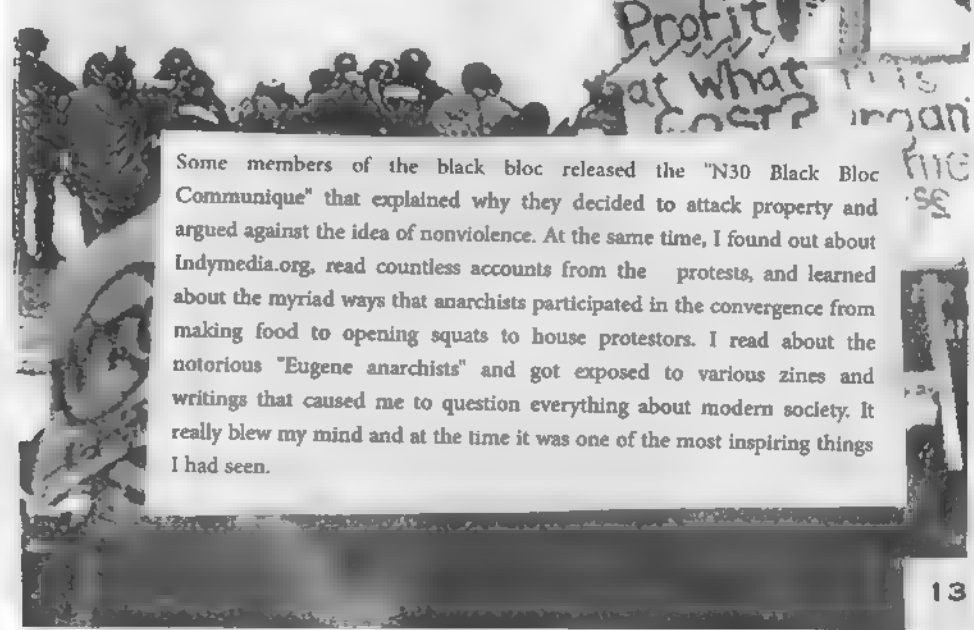
In the neighbourhood next to the one where I live, there is a major project organized by anarchists from the neighbourhood to publicly squat a building and turn it into an autonomous social centre. I imagine the ways that I could be involved in a space like this, and feel inspired by seeing so many different people coming together to make it possible. As night approaches there is more talk of a police raid, and we wait at home for a phone call asking for support. No call comes until the following afternoon. We rush to the building, try to block the doors, try to reoccupy it after some people have evacuated, but it is no use. There are paramilitary cops on the roof with what look like assault rifles, and cops on the ground pepperspraying through the windows. We gather in larger and larger numbers on the street outside, and eventually go to try to squat another building, but are chased away by the police.



Attempts to connect with the "activist" types in town were disappointing--such as as their public efforts against a bombing campaign in Iraq--where protests were dominated by speakers, peace signs, and a sense of hopelessness. So I largely floundered, listening to my records and reading and writing zines, but not really doing much of anything.



That all changed in November of 1999 after learning about the anti-WTO (World Trade Organization) protests that took place in Seattle. I had received a flyer about them in the mail and knew that they were going to be taking place, but had nobody to go with and no idea how to get there at the time. I didn't really know what to expect, but I was intrigued. The flyer promised that people were going to "shut down" the meeting using "direct action"--something that really appealed to me after my experiences seeing the miserable nature of traditional "protests." On the night of November 30, 1999, I remember seeing news reports that showed people rioting in the streets, smashing windows, throwing tear gas canisters back, fighting with the police, and generally throwing down. In the subsequent days, reports in both the mainstream and leftist media started to come out about the role anarchists had played.



Some members of the black bloc released the "N30 Black Bloc Communique" that explained why they decided to attack property and argued against the idea of nonviolence. At the same time, I found out about Indymedia.org, read countless accounts from the protests, and learned about the myriad ways that anarchists participated in the convergence from making food to opening squats to house protestors. I read about the notorious "Eugene anarchists" and got exposed to various zines and writings that caused me to question everything about modern society. It really blew my mind and at the time it was one of the most inspiring things I had seen.

What happened in Seattle--cheesy as it may be--convinced me to be an anarchist. It was a spark or a catalyst--no longer would I just keep my views to myself, locked away in zines and records, but I would try to do what I could to further anarchist ideas and practice. It was hard to say what that would mean in my own life, but I figured I would do what I could. And in the wake of Seattle, almost overnight it seemed like a wealth of anarchist activity started happening out of nowhere. In reality, I had just received the push I needed to dig deeper, but the explosion of activity certainly made it easier. New zines were circulated, websites launched, new projects started, and importantly, anarchists gained initiative and became involved in organizing a series of confrontations at various trade summits, political conventions, and the like. For a while, it seemed that even obscure summits--like the Organization of American States meeting in Michigan or the Trans-Atlantic Business Dialog in Cincinnati--were met by large protests with sizable anarchist involvement and participation.

At the same time, various cells of the Earth Liberation Front (ELF) were active across the United States attacking developments and issuing statements. The energy was infectious and it propelled me to try new things, to make new connections, and to take chances and risks. Whereas I might have felt alone or completely disempowered acting with a few people where I lived before Seattle, afterward there was suddenly a larger context in which our actions fit. There was a sense of momentum and connectedness that encouraged me and helped give me confidence. While this era had its problems and mistakes were made, the time between Seattle and the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks was quite intense--and the energy that existed no doubt created many anarchists. ☆

BOSKOTE - MONTREAL, QUEBEC.

## EDUCATION IS

I'm in a social studies class, and the teacher brings up the issue of immigrant boats for a racist discussion topic, asking the class if we think that the government should turn them away, or allow them to settle in Canada and abuse our social services. I insist that where someone is born in the world shouldn't determine where they are allowed to live, and that the people on the boats are no more or less worthy of being here than any of us are. She calls me a humanitarian like it might not be a good thing. She later goes on to become a conservative politician. I continue to argue against borders and citizenship on basic ethical grounds.

I go to my first demo in Montreal, against the Liberal party convention and part of the mobilization for the 2005 student strike. It is a night demo. There are cops cars lining the street as I walk into the square. It is an explicitly anti-capitalist demo. I am excited. As we start walking, I notice B, a friend from home. He is one of the first people I knew who identifies as an anarchist. We didn't realize until that demo that we had both come to school in Montreal. We walk together in the demo until it is charged by riot police from all sides. We both run. I just barely avoid getting trapped in the kettle. He isn't so lucky, and gets mass arrested.

Around the same time as this demo, I'm learning critical theory and anti-oppression politics for the first time. Seeing how everything we assume to be so real in our society is actually socially constructed, and that we're all performing roles and scripts that are beyond our individual choices, as part of systems of power that define the structure of our society and our positions within it. I'm taking a trip across the border to the US, and see the border guards harassing people, as they usually do, but now I see it differently than I had before. They have the same kind of power over people that the riot police did at the anti-capitalist demo. Their power individually, in their uniform, with their batons and guns, is part of a larger system of power. This is the state. I can now critically perceive it based on my own experience, and it is a concept that has a meaning and clarity that it did not before.



My story is probably a pretty common one. My liberal Catholic parents, like the vast majority of both liberals and Catholics, were hypocritical in ways that were pretty readily apparent to a rebellious teen. I had begun gravitating toward anarchist politics through a variety of influences in the era of "anti-globalization": I was sort of an alienated weirdo and began developing an interest in punk music; a politicized friend lent me a copy of the Chomsky Reader, which included an essay on the Spanish Civil War; the Summit Of The Americas showcased anarchists as literally being ready to fight for something. "The Moment," however, was a moment that was definitive for much more than my own politics. September 11, 2001, I was in grade ten at Queen Elizabeth High School. Class let out early that morning. I went home, and, like millions upon millions of others, turned on the TV. Like a much smaller number, the reasoning was immediately apparent to me. Regardless of who was responsible, capitalism, as embodied in the World Trade Center, and the military industrial complex, as embodied by the Pentagon, had just gotten their just comeuppance. Regardless of who had done it, the newscasters' repetition of "Muslim terrorists!" was obviously, to me, a blatantly racist deferral of responsibility. A line had just been drawn in the sand.

That afternoon, and in the following weeks, the line became increasingly clear: The blond hockey-playing rich-kid jock in math class, mouthing off about how "we" were going to get "them". My friend Faisal telling me he'd been afraid to come to school - even to leave his house - after being hassled and called a "terrorist" by random strangers. The TV pundits practically foaming at the mouth and calling for blood. I knew what side I was on, and it wasn't the patriots'. It wasn't the teachers', who said we'd be suspended if we walked out against the war. It wasn't on the side of the police who formed a line between us and the American consulate. It wasn't the pacifists', who insisted we stay peaceful while bombs were being dropped. It wasn't the side of the liberals who continued to fly the same maple leaf of the air force dropping those bombs.

From then on, that flag was for burning. ☆



Injustice and discrimination has always bothered me. I remember countless fights and arguments with my neighbors or random people about harassing my friends as a kid, especially the Romani. Discrimination is a concept a child has to learn, it is not something that comes naturally. During my life so far I've tried to find the political ideology that fits me, based on my views on individual freedom, ethnic and gender equality and a system which promotes healthy values.

I researched, in depth, almost every system there is, from fascism to communism. But every system seemed flawed. It doesn't matter how you organize a society if it's based on hierarchy. They all share the same kind of problems, even though some systems have less than others.

Unfortunately, I cannot remember how I ending up there but someone linked or talked about the "Homage to Catalonia" by George Orwell. As a fan of his other books, I decided to read it. As I was reading through the first chapter, I will always remember how those words lit up something in me. Here is a really good part:

Practically every building of any size had been seized by the workers and was draped with red flags or with the red and black flag of the Anarchists; every wall was scrawled with the hammer and sickle and with the initials of the revolutionary parties; almost every church had been gutted and its images burnt.

After finishing the book I decided to research Anarkism, I turned my eyes to the famous(?) Anarchist FAQ. After reading through a large portion of it and a lot more anarchistic literature, I knew. I am an anarchist! This was quite recently. After that day I demonstrated for the first time in my life. Together with socialists and anarchists we have started an organisation to fight racism in our country. With direct action and cooperation with others, this is how I start my struggle.

• Solidarity and liberty! ☆

KARMUS, MALE/QUEER, 23 - AARHUS, DENMARK.

I started taking interest in politics when the Youth House (Ungdomshuset) was evicted in March 2007 in Copenhagen, and some parts of the city exploded in riots. I was 17 years old and had followed the case every day for a half year in the media and free newspapers while I was traveling to school in trains and bus. I was somewhat sympathetic to the youngsters fighting for the right to have a place to hang out. They made me participate in my first demonstration on the 14<sup>th</sup> of December 2006 - two days before the riots.

I understood that they had made their voices heard using all the usual bourgeois democratic methods of getting attention, but were ignored. It made it even worse that the buyer of the house was a christian sect (Faderhuset), as I had applied to a christian school.

I somehow realized that my life was boring and that I had nothing to live for at that moment. I had lost all of my friends while moving from the mainland to north of the capital, my mom wasn't there for me and my stepfather was a conservative, christian, authoritarian idiot.

The demolition of the house was generally unfair and made me aware of public affairs and injustice all over the world.

I joined the unofficial political youth organization of the most left-wing party in parliament (revolutionary socialists that derived from the unity of three communist parties after the collapse of the Berlin Wall in 1989): Socialist Youth Front (Socialistisk Ungdomsfront - SUF).

I started going to weekly political meetings in my hometown after I was expelled from my christian school after only four months because of marijuana use. I lost all faith in religion after that incident. I began feeling more and more alienated. The organization and local groups gave me back a lot of my lacking social networks that I had lost during the tough years in the rich suburbs of Copenhagen and similarly in Ringkøbing in the Western part of Jutland.

I kept in touch with B after that. I grew up in the middle of nowhere but spent as much time in the city as I possibly could. My best friend and I would take any ride we could into town and just hang around. Knowing B was sweet because he was someone we could call to hang out if we got a ride into town. A few times he even took the \$7 bus out to my community and came to our house parties.

He described himself as an anarchist this whole time and seemed pretty down with things that scared me. I'd seen a bunch of people get arrested at a G7 march once and was pretty sure the cops were in the wrong, but B knew those people and hated the cops with a passion. I wanted to find something more realistic, a way to work within existing systems to make some things better as soon as possible. My mom was into the left-wing NDP and I voted for them in my first election. I ran the "white poppies for peace" campaign at my school when war broke out with Iraq. Once at a peace march someone in a black mask gave me a pamphlet called "why anarchists oppose the war." I wondered if that person was friends with B.

I wasn't sure of a lot of things then, but I was still pretty sure that violence, all violence, was wrong. I wore a ripped-up purple t-shirt that said "Gentle Ways Are Best" almost every day in grade eleven. B told me about Seattle but I thought the black bloc was being pretty silly even if the cops were too. B and I chatted a whole lot on msn messenger about revolutions, and music. He told me about all kinds of rad historical events while I kept my web browser open so that I could look things up and not sound stupid. He sent me noisy punk songs and asked me once if I ever felt angry.

I was so, so excited when I found out that B had, like me, chosen a university in Montreal. I lived in residence and got super lucky, meeting lots of new friends including Mike, my best friend and an anarchist who I still count as an important ally. B lived with two roommates from back home who ended up sucking. He was really lonely and I had more friends and more money so he would come over several nights a week to share my social life and food. When the 2005 student strike happened in Quebec he followed me to every campus event, staying up late at intense meetings and getting up at 7am to flyer students on their way to class. I met people that year who became my friends, housemates and co-conspirators for years to come. Growing and changing with those friends, I came to see anarchy as a primary commitment, the organizing principal for our projects and the basis for our social worlds and support networks.

So thanks B, wherever you are. Your submission reminded me that while I could name lots of events, ideas, stories as potential origins for my life as an anarchist, I really owe it most of all to you.

B. RABBIT - KINGSTON, CANADA.

My story is about the person who wrote the one on the next page. <3.

It's funny, because I don't think anybody we know would expect me to tell my story this way. We have this joking dynamic in which I'm the responsible adult who always has a house and a job and way too many projects on the go and he's the goofy kid who travels too much and relies on his friends and shows up once in a while to crash on my couch, come to a protest, and leave his smelly socks all over my common room. But I will say it now, and he'll know this story is about him. B made me an anarchist, and I am and always will be grateful.

I was a pretentious would-be social climber from a poor family in the country who just wanted to grow up and be "somebody." He was a middle-class artsy kid who lived downtown and wanted to rebel against everyone and drop out of everything. He was there at my very first protest, even though I didn't know him. He was at the first one that I went to *without* my mother too. He invited me to things even when he knew I'd be too scared to show up. We held hands as cops tried to pull us apart and we shared a ride back from the police station at 4am and we stayed up late talking about politics and relationships. He's dated my friends and eaten my food and yelled at me for thinking of selling out. We've been evicted together, kissed each other (only once!), hitchhiked together, studied together, been to way too many workshops together. Sometimes we lose touch but he always comes back, and I hope he always will.

My first memory of B as an anarchist is this: My two best friends and I are part of a social-justice youth group and we're organizing this environmental conference called Ecotopia (I KNOW). B is this cool musician type who I've seen around. He's tiny, dressed all in black, wearing his signature baseball cap. He introduces himself as "an anarchist and a nihilist." I'm so intrigued. The conference goes ahead. I find out that two of the organizers are anarchists. We talk a lot about biodegradable soap, GMOs and how much we hate the other kids at school. I learn two new songs on my guitar and write a poem about consumerism called "don't think, keep shopping." B and my friend K start flirting with each other. I go skinny-dipping for the first time. I come away feeling really inspired.

But I still didn't feel quite at home.

Randomly about a year later, I had a quarrel with one of my punk friends. We had an argument about housing policies and how people decide where to live.

He didn't convince me at first, but after some reflection, I realized that he had a point. Why shouldn't people be able to decide autonomously where to live, based on their own perceived needs and abilities and desires?

I started reading about anarchism, because he claimed he was an anarchist, and I found a lot of inspiration. I then started hanging out more and more with punks and antifascists in the extraparlimentary left-wing movement in the country, while continuing marxist activities in SUF and the reform-oriented student movement.

I continued organizing with SUF for about another year and a half until the global COP15 UN climate summit in Copenhagen, where I participated in most of the actions and important demos. I was one of 1000 innocent protestors mass-arrested who sued the police afterwards, winning about \$1500 in the court ruling.

I started getting more interested in anarchism and I joined an anarchist organization and eventually left SUF. Today, I have a giant network in Denmark in almost all cities of significance, because of all the traveling to demos and social happenings for years. I prefer to spend a lot of time being social with my comrades while also doing ad hoc-work for different movements that match my abilities. The few years in SUF really meant a lot to me, and I finally feel that I am no longer a lonesome outsider in life, as I was before. ☆

When I graduated elementary school I went to university for half a year, but realized that it wasn't for me. Then I took whatever job was available for a dropout like myself. My mother had always been engaged in environmental issues and I got a job at Greenpeace to get people to give them money. I started reading a lot about the situation the world was in and fast I realized that what I was doing at the time wasn't going to help. I was only selling people good consciousness by working for GP. So I started looking for some other organization I could meet people with similar realization and met a German studying biodiversity that also was interested in these issues. Then I went to the anarchist book fair in Stockholm and was looking to buy some new books about the state of the world. There I found 'As the world burns: 50 simple things you can do to stay in denial' by Derrick Jensen and Stephanie McMillan. I read this comic book about how all of our personal consumer choices weren't going to do the trick, then I gave it to my friend to read. Then many long discussions followed. We realized that people are very much led astray by the consumer culture they live in, we realized that no consumer activity was ever going to stop the destruction of the wild and exploitation of people. That would have to be done by force. The question became: how and with what kind of force?

I read a lot to learn what people had tried and that had worked before. I thought that a lot of what people wrote wasn't in a movie for others to grasp fast and so I started working on a film I called: The Fuck-it Point (the point when you have had enough of all the crap and start to fight back). The film is about how things look in a grand picture and about why people don't fight back even though there are so many struggles and so much to do. I wrote it and stole clips for it for one year, then I decided it was done and released it to the world on [savagerevival.net](http://savagerevival.net). Then it was time to do things for real so for the last year I've been out in the world doing actions and talking to people to spread the idea that we don't need a specific ideology or strategy of pacifism or whatnot but instead need to do WHATEVER WORKS. We need to approach every situation differently and try everything to stop the industrial corpse machine.

I continued to look for people and organizations focused on resistance rather than lifestyleism and it was first among anarchists that I felt at home. I read on the Internet about a gathering for green anarchists in what remains of the the Swedish forests. There I made a lot of friends and comrades! I have realized that there is not one fuck-it point but many, for every new thing I learn I reach another fuck-it point and get more engaged in the struggle to liberate the earth. That is a part of my story. ☆